52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone : Museum 2621.

May 1925

Wednesday

Yes. yes yes. Come at once.
Everybody is longing to see you. Friday
Grizzle in paroxysms. Lunch here at 1.
Bell will come to the basement at 12.30
& have a preliminary talk (must it be
about the Polish rebellion?) with me in my
studio — then 6 or 7 hours upstairs. (unless
you'll dine with me on Thursday, when I
happen to be alone)
Ah-hah! Revolution — Poland —
Impasses — Snakes — what fun it'll be.

HGW.

Grizzle's mange is better — I know how
anxious you must be.

1925

52
Tavistock Square
London
W.C.1.
Tele. 2621 Museum

Wednesday.

My dear Vita,

Hah ha! I thought you wouldn't like Mrs. Dalloway.

On the other hand, I thought you might like The Common Reader, — I'm very glad that you do — all the more that it's just been conveyed to me that Logan P. Smith thinks it very disappointing. But oh, how one's friends bewilder one! — partly, I suppose, the result of bringing out two books at the same time. I'm trying to bury my head in the sand, or play a game of racing my novel against my Criticism according to the opinions of my friends. Sometimes Mrs. D. gets ahead, sometimes the C. R. —

I will certainly come — towards the end of June? Might we perhaps call in for a bed after a walk? We have got into the habit of going for Country outings, & perhaps you could tell us a good walk ending at Long Barn. I was amazed at the

beauty of Kent, seeing it the other day from the train. I don't want
at the moment to meet anyone. In the last 3 days I've
met Orbert, Sachy & Edith Sitwell, an American, an Indian,
Ottoline, Philips & Julian Morrell, a Gathorne Hardy, Desmond, &
am to meet a new porter called Warner tonight, & the
Princess Bibesco has rung her bell & summoned me to
her bedside.

Why can't you write? I cant stop working. I'm
ashamed to think how many stories I've written this month, —
can hardly bear to keep my fingers off a new novel, but
swear I wont start till August. NYPL Do chickens pay?
Leonard wants to buy up the Late Post Shanks' cottage at
Rodmell & run a chicken farm there.

I suppose there's no chance of you coming to dine with
us next Wednesday to meet Morgan Forster, who wants
to know you.

No; I dont like Geoffrey Scott's book: I'm sure I'm
right. Though I've not finished it.

Please forgive this disjointed letter. I ought to
be working to dine with Miss Warner, but it
does please me enormously that you should
like the Common Reader

Yours ever
Virginia Woolf

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Monday

My Dear Vita,

It's perfectly enchanting & has lasted me two whole days — your lecture; the chauffeur, the Secretary, you & me & the night. There are at least 3 novels in it. Send me some more. If only all novels were that — balls of string for one to pull out endlessly at leisure.

I want you to invent a name

by the way which I can use instead of 'novel'. Thinking it over, I see I cannot, never could, never shall, write a novel. What then, to call it?

NYPL

I've flashed to the top of Hampstead Heath in a motor car, sat on a bench & seen three fir trees in the fog; flashed back & seen Nancy Lemon, whose father has left her, to be kept perpetually, an entire fox of solid silver.

And why don't I see you?

Going to standing or sitting 3
minutes too long in the Press I am
just back into bed — all the flame
now falling on the Hogarth Press.
But this is nothing very bad — I feel as if
a vulture sat on a bough above my
head, threatening to descend & pick at
my spine, but by blandishments
I turn him into a kind red cock.

I am very sorry for you — really —
how I should hate Leonard to be in
Persia! But then, in all London, I'm a
alone like being married.

And where's your poem? 2

Yr VW.

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Sunday.

My dear Vita,

I think what the Russian society wants is that you should become a member, which either costs you 5/ or nothing or £1-1. — I can't remember. They are in a struggling state, starting; & names are very important to them. Weekends have become hateful for Leonard — all his work is done in them, but if you would have me alone, might I come for a night in the week, rather than week end, before Jan 30 abroad? 2nd, 3rd, 4th — I would keep which ever suited you.

We go to Rodmell at the end of July. It is very good news that your story may be ready then. Or is it a poem?

Oh how I envy you, finishing books.

Straight off.

Yours ever
Virginia Woolf.

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July 6th

My dear Vita,

I have paralysed my own pen by telling you that you don't write intimate letters — which however you are going to reform in the Dolomites.

But I have only to say that I was enchanted & made glorious by my visit — & what can hostess do more? Knole almost crushed me — for I detest being unable to express anything of what I feel, & certainly could not. Then there was the Barn, which has led us to think of rebuilding our own Cottage.

So you see, I was thoroughly happy & very miserable. In fact, I'm only now beginning to recover. my normal spirits. Leonard says that if there is any decent book in he will send it tomorrow. Thank you for letting me come.

Yours ever
Virginia Woolf.